THE
Diſtreſſed Welſhman,
Born in *TRINITY-LANE*:
WITH
A Relation of his Unfortunate Travls.

Printed by and for T. Norris, at the Look-ing-glaſs on London-bridge.

The Distressed Welshman.

IF any ask hur what hur am,
hur is a Shentleman;
If you will not believe hur, then
go into Trinity-lane;
For there hur was born and bred,
and afterwards begotten;
And there hur hopes to lay hur head,
when all hur bones are rotten.
All you good People, that intend
to recreate your mind,
Read o're this Story to the end,
peruse these simple Lines:
Upon a time it chanced so,
that Taffy did decree
To leave her Country, for to go
to seek hur destiny.
Now hur prepares for hur depart,
and bids them all farewel;
Hur goes away with all hur heart,
this shourney likes hur well:
Was travel up to London-town,
to see the City brave;
Hur in the streets walks up and down,
what, think hur was a Slave?
No, hur hath Money in her Poke,
although hur Friends are small;
Nay, more than that, hur hath a Cloak
to cover hur withal.

BRITISH MUSEUM

And

And as hur walk along along the ſtreet;
the City for to ſee,
A ſheating Quean doth Taffy meet,
and robs him craftily.
Now he perceives when ſhe was gone,
his money all was loſt,
And after hur in haſte did run,
it was no time to boaſt:
But all in vain for ſhe's too ſwift,
ſhe leaveth him behind:
Now he to ſtudy ſome new ſhift,
applies his angry mind.
Now hur laments hur evil Fate,
and bitter deſtiny;
For hur is left to ſuch a State,
her knows not where to lye.
Cots-ſplutter-a-nails, he then replies,
hur knows not what to do,
For hur hath ſeen her better days,
and bid them all adieu;
Hur doth lament and weep for grief,
at hur unhappy loſs;
Hur ſeeks about for ſome relief,
but all in vain it was.
At length hur came into a ſhop,
where meat was to be ſold;
Hur ſits hur down, begins to knock;
the knave was ſomewhat bold.
Hur doth begin, and thus do ſay,
hur was a Shentleman;
Hur time was ſhort, nor cannot ſtay,
for hur muſt ſoon begon:

Hur buſineſs at the Court remains,
hur thither muſt retire,
Or elſe hur loſes all her gains,
O hur was not a Liar.
And then his Hoſteſs all in haſte,
brought to him diſhes ſtore,
And he by turn on each doth taſte,
there is no need of more.
In little time he doth ſuffice
his hunger that was great,
And from the table he doth riſe,
leaving but little meat.
And then he calls a little boy,
thus unto him he ſaid,
I give thee this, ſtay here while I
go ſee the reckoning paid.
The Boy more greedy of his gift,
than of his Maſter's gain,
To eat up all he makes great ſhift,
while Taffy runs amain.
This being done mark one thing more,
now he hath made eſcape,
He calls to mind the day before
hur loſt hur whole eſtate.
Therefore hur walks the ſtreets along,
to ſee if there were any,
That could redreſs poor Taffy's wrong,
or help him to his money.
And as he walkt he met the Queen
that pickt his poke before,
Was coming to him once again,
to ſee if there were more.

When Taffy ſaw, he knew her face,
and runs to her with ſpeed;
But it was to his diſgrace,
as you'll hereafter read.
Cots-ſplutter-a-nails, this is the Thief
did ſteal the money from hur,
And robb'd hur of all hur relief,
now hur doth ſeize upon hur.
This made the Welſhman for to ſmile,
though he hurſelf did know,
Before this but a little while
hur ſerved hur Hoſteſs ſo.
This ſheat for fear of future wrong,
did to the People ſay,
He robb'd me as I went along,
and ſo he run away:
The People hearing her report,
Taffy away they haul
Into the Seſſion's-houſe-court,
to plead before them all.
And as they dragg'd him thro' the ſtreet,
although his caſe was poor,
It chanced ſo that he did meet
the Cook he robb'd before.
Now Taffy muſt endure the heat,
before the Judge's he's brought;
The Cook indicts him for his meat,
the Woman for his fault.
Now Taffy knowing what was done,
nothing at all did ſay;
But at the laſt to ſpeak begun,
was robb'd the other day:

Hur sheating Trot was pick hur poke,
and robbed hur by craft,
Then hur was forc'd to pawn her cloak,
no other help was left;
And then hurself doth wander to
a victualling-house with speed;
Was call for meat, was tell to you,
hur hungar for to feed.
When hur was come into the house,
hur Hostess brought good store,
And hur doth taste of every dish,
while hur could eat no more.
Now hur was going for to pay
for what hurself did eat,
And as hur look't another way,
hur spies out this shame sheat:
Then hur pursu'd her, whilst at last
was catch hur by the arm:
Then she turn'd back, catcht me as fast,
hur had the greater harm.
The Justice hearing all was done,
and that they did abuse him,
In order calls them one by one,
so kindly he did use him:
But Taffy's tongue could not refrain,
was tell hur all hur mind;
He often cries, Was ugly Queen,
cots-splut, will beat hur blind.
Twill not prevail, 'twas all in vain,
Taffy must surely die,
It was not time to speak again,
great was his villany.

Now Taffy knows not what to do,
to die ſentence is given;
Will hur believe? was tell her true,
was ſure to go to Heaven.
Theſe words did pleaſe the People well,
they all were bent to laughter;
But mark what unto her befel,
the worſt of all comes after.
Juſt like an Image Taffy ſtands,
and dares not move at all,
But at the laſt he wrings his hands,
and on his knees did fall;
Was pray hur Juſtice, Jeſus ſake,
nor Judge her to be hanged:
Some other Sorrows let her take,
hur fears not to be hanged.
The Juſtice then to him replies,
Thou ſhalt not hanged be;
Cots-ſplut and ouns, the Welſhman cry'd,
great thanks was give to thee.
Ay, but the Juſtice ſpeaking on,
did much increaſe hur ſorrow,
Thy hand ſhall burned be non;
yea, almoſt burned thorow.
This liked not the Welſhman well,
yet hur had rather hide,
To ſee the Subburbs of black Hell,
than in the town to ride.
Hold up thy hand, the Hangman ſaid,
where I ſhall thee appoint,
This made poor Taffy ſore afraid,
was wiſh 'twas out of joynt.

The Hangman then to him did say,
When I the Iron bring,
Hold thy head another way,
say thrice, God save the King.
The Hangman he makes no delay,
but quickly clapt it too;
God save, plut, 'twas hot, her says,
was almost burned through.
The People all did laugh out-right,
while he did weep as fast:
The Hangman put him to a fright,
says, All his grief's not past.
He tells him he must burn once more,
because he did not sing,
As he had taught him once before,
three times, God save the King.
Cots-splut an ouns, was make her cry,
Cot bless her burning arm,
Excuse hur to hur Majesty,
when hur hath all the harm.
This being done the Justice frees
poor Taffy by the law,
But yet, alas, was pay hur fees,
or all's not worth a straw:
This one thing grieves hur most at last,
than all was done before,
Hur is not yet gone clearly past,
for there is one thing more.
The Keepers ask him for his fees,
which vext the Welshman sore,
Hur has no score for ought hur know,
was pay her all before.

Was ask hur now for Keepers fees,
hur had no ſhink at all,
Hur may not buy no leeks nor ſheeſe,
her ſubſtance is ſo ſmall;
Was prav hur Keeper open door,
as hur may truly ſwear,
As hur was never here before,
will never more come there.
The Keeper hearing what he ſaid,
was moved vnto laughter,
Poor Taffy he no longer ſtaid,
Take heed, quoth he, hereafter.
Now he hath 'ſcap'd the Keepers Claws,
and hath his freedom won:
His mind is bent to learn the laws,
and now hur hath begun:
Forthwith I'th' Court hur goes with ſpeed,
a Lawyer's Clark to be,
Yet he cou d neither write nor read,
O, the more is the pity.
Now her was asked what hur were,
hur was a Shentleman,
And hath ſuffer'd many a Loſs,
thus hur Complaint began:
But hur will rather bide the pain,
a Lawyer's Man to be,
Before hur will return again
into her own Country.
Although you know your Calling ill,
yet hur delights to live
A Servant to your Pleaſure's will,
if hur will hur believe,

Hur never lov'd hur Bones ſhould Work
at any toilſome Trade,
But hur likes beſt to be a Clerk,
mark well what hur hath ſaid;
His Maſter ask'd him if he had
learn'd Latin Book's, or Greek,
What think hur was a Man was mad,
was think hur cannot ſpeak:
Was learn'd hur A B C three times o're,
before hur had a Primmer;
And now hur had no need of more,
hur has enough within hur.
Now they did ask if hur could read
a Lawyer's written Scrole:
Now Taffy has no thing to plead,
he cannot Read at all:
Kind Reader, judge, is this thing true,
which Taffy hath decreed.
He ſwears he'll write as well as you,
tho' he could never read?
It was decreed for Taffy then
to learn his Book apace,
And next day to return again
into the ſelf-ſame place;
Next day betimes to the Place he goes,
from whence he d'd proceed,
What he had learned no Man knows,
he tells them he can read:
He meets his Maſter in the hall,
was tell hur what was do,
Was write, God bleſs us on a wall,
and hur was read it too.

The

The People then did laugh at him,
was thought hur was in Heaven,
Becauſe to read hur did begin
the Sentence that was written:
God bleſs me then, forthwith he ſaid,
which when the People heard,
Said, Taffy, you have falſly pray'd,
as by your words appear'd:
Hur was not wrong, was tell untrue,
was ſure was no miſtake,
Pray for herſelf, and not for you,
leſt God ſhould hur forſake.
'Twas wiſely done, as I may ſay,
of ſuch a Fool as he;
And he muſt write all the next day
to gain a Lawyer's fee;
Hur takes hur ſcar, was bravely plac'd,
then pen and ink doth take,
A pattern was before hur face,
like to like he muſt make:
And as it happen'd there did ſee
his true copy before him,
An ape's picture was hanging by,
and Taffy did adore him.
Now Taffy thought that was the rule
that he was for to follow;
Behold the wiſdom of a Fool
goes far beyond Apollo.
He makes a form, as I am told,
would make a Man to tremble,
And if that I may be ſo bold,
it did himſelf reſemble.

Cots-

Cou-ſplut, was picture fine and brave,
was like hur paſſing well.
Hur picture to hur Maſter gave,
ſee what to him befel.
Sirrah, I told thee thou ſhouldſt make
what was before thee written;
Therefore thou muſt for thy miſtake,
with many ſtripes be beaten.
Cou-ſplutter-a nails, will ſerve hur ſo?
will ſtay with hur no longer,
To ſeek hur fortune hur will go,
and hur away will wander.
Now Taffy tells me he hath land,
was left to hur in Wales.
And hur'll poſſeſs it out of hand,
becauſe hur Fortune fails:
But then the Maſter tells him he
would beg his whole eſtate,
Becauſe of his ſimplicity,
a wiſer Man ſhould ha't.
But now hur ſees there is no cauſe
why hur ſhould loſe hur land,
For hur hath learn'd the Engliſh laws,
hur wears it in hur hand.
Now Taffy tells them that before
hur dearly bought hur learning,
Such pain was make hur cry and roar,
whilſt hur poor hand was burning:
But all in vain, it will not do,
they threaten his eſtate,
Then he replies, The Devil take you,
ſuch Rogues ſhall never ha't.

Hur

Hur Father wise, got hur a Fool,
as you report of me;
Why may not hur with hur long tool
beget as wise as he?
Hur will not lose hur own estate,
indeed was tell hur true,
Was sure hur has a wiser pate
than give it unto you!
His words prevail against his Foes,
his land shall not be given
To any that do him oppose,
O then hur is in Heaven:
But now her knows not where to go,
nor whither to betake hur,
Hur has no Friends as hur do know,
all People did forsake hur;
Though hur has land and money store,
yet hur has no possession,
Therefore in *England* hur is poor,
that is hur own confession.
Now hur was gone through thick and thin,
to seek hur better fate,
New course of life hur doth begin,
the old is out of date:
O hur was hungry, cold, and dry,
hur knows no Friend at all,
A victualling-house her did espy,
ay, but hur wealth his small.
Was enter in as hur may say,
to seek for some relief,
Hur sits hur down and there did stay,
next day hur prov'd a Thief:

Was

Was ask hur Hoſteſs then indeed
if hur had any meat;
Hur Hoſteſs brought hur ought with ſpeed,
calf's head and heels to eat;
Was leave hur heels, and eat hur head,
as hur hath truly ſworn:
Will eat no more, but go to bed,
and take hur heels i'th' morn.
The morning was come the heels was brought,
Taffy did kindly take them:
He gives his Hoſteſs not a groat,
and ſo he doth forſake them.
Now Taffy let them, and is fled,
but cannot hold his bragging;
But mark how Taffy after ſped,
his Tongue muſt ſtill be wagging.
They apprehended his Perſon,
and to the Juſtice bring him,
And in the ſtreet before all Men
into a Priſon fling him:
I will not repay his villany,
they put him in the ſtocks,
From thence into the pillory,
with many luſty knocks,
Nay, more then this, the Welſhman ſhall,
(as it ſhall ſoon appear)
Suffer a loſs before them all,
the Cock muſt have his ear:
Be Cot hur ſtay, hur ſhall not cut,
hur ear from of hur head,
But if ſo he hur muſt have it,
ſhall be when hur is dead.

But this is vasn, it will not ſerve,
the Hangman takes it off,
And bravely he his fleſh doth carve,
whilſt all the People laugh.
This vexed Taffy to the heart,
will not appeaſed be,
His ear-root doth ſo much ſmart,
fills hur with miſery.
The hangman he then preſently
did ſhake the new-cut ear,
And Taffy he fell in a ſwoon,
to ſee hur blood lie there.
They brought him Water ſtrong and ſmall,
to bring his life again,
He riſes up before them all,
O Taffy was not ſlain;
And then he goes out of the Crew,
for ſo he he thought it beſt,
Was Pox and Tevil both take you,
and ſo away he paſt:
Now Taffy in the field doth paſs,
to rid him out of danger,
But the poor Man was here, alas!
abuſed by a Stranger:
Then to the common butts he goes,
to ſee the Archers aim,
And one of them ſhot him in th' noſe,
was almoſt ſplit in twain:
And now the arrow there doth ſtay
while Taffy out doth take it;
If hur ſhoot hur here again, I ſay,
cots-ſplutter-a-nails, will break it.

He kindly gives the arrow back
unto the Man that ſhot it;
And thus poor Taffy goes to wrack,
but he hath not forgot it:
The Archers knowing what he was,
could not refrain from laughter;
But Taffy, I would thee adviſe
take heed of them hereafter.
Well, 'tis no time for him to ſtay,
for he doth victuals need;
He ſeeks for victuals by the way,
his hunger for to feed;
At length he ſeeks a bed of leeks,
as he was paſſing by,
And how to ſteal them out he ſeeks,
to ſtudy policy:
Now Taffy boldly enters in
the thick and thorny hedge,
The which did rend and tear his skin,
was almoſt break hur legs:
Now Taffy is in, the good Maſt's dog
comes running for to bite him,
He lies as ſtill as any hog,
was ready to beſhite him:
The dog did bite him by the breeks,
and rend his coat in twain;
Inſtead of pulling up more leeks,
he lays them down again:
And as it chanced Taffy had
within his poke a knife,
And preſently he drew the blade,
and robb'd the dog of's life;

Then

Then out the good Man comes in haſte,
hearing the dog to cry,
And down knockt Taffy at the laſt,
he on the ground doth lye.
The good Man askt him who he was,
and how that he came thither?
Hur ſaith, Was frighted by a Bear,
and ſo was forced thither.
The old Man did ſearch his breeks,
his villany to know;
There he eſpied a bunch of leeks,
and would not let him go.
Now he muſt to the Juſtice go,
and there he muſt be try'd:
All which was to encreaſe his woe,
which he could not abide:
He muſt endure the rigid Laws,
as he had done before,
Muſt looſe his Ears now for this Cauſe,
to pay the Gard'ners ſcore.
O this was grieve hur to the heart,
and puts hur in a fear,
Now hur muſt feel another ſmart,
to looſe hur other ear.
The hangman looks for Taffy's ear,
which was cut off before,
But he could never find it there,
which vext the hangman ſore.
I prithee Friend, the hangman cries,
tell me where I may find it?
For by no means I can deviſe,
mine eyes are ſo much blinded.

Cots-ſplut, was Rogue, the Welſhman ſaid,
hur think it is no reaſon,
Hur ſhould find ears upon hur head
for every time and ſeaſon:
Did not not hur give, mark what I ſay,
one of hur ears before,
Therefore the *Hangman* now muſt ſtay,
was like to have no more.
Now all the People ſtanding there
did his Accuſer pray,
He ſhould not take this other ear,
but let him paſs away:
Forthwith they free him out of hand,
and gave him charge that he,
Should ſoon depart out of the land,
into hur own Country.
But hur reſolv'd to ſtay a while,
to ſeek hur better luck,
Though Fortune did hur oft beguile,
will have the other pluck:
Now as for Silver hur has none,
wos fore'd to play the Beggar,
Hur to the People makes great moan,
it is no time to ſwagger;
Hur to the People did conſent
to give him ſome relief,
Their pence apiece on him they ſpent,
though he was but a Thief.
Now Taffy thanks the People kind,
God bleſs hur night and day,
Hur bears this kindneſs in hur mind,
and ſo hur wept away.

O hur was glad with all hur heart,
had money at hur will,
Now hur will learn hur such an art,
that hur will keep it still:
No sheating Whore shall pick hur poke,
hur warrant hur will save it.
Was wrap it up within hur cloak,
uone but hurself shall have it.
Well, 'twas hur chance the other night
to fall out with a Carter;
The next day he with him must fight,
now mark what follows after;
When his blood is hot, he doth consent,
to meet hur the next day;
The lusty Carter now is bent
at cudgels for to play:
The day was come, the Carter stands,
just at the place appointed,
But Taffy he was hurt hur hands,
and they must be anointed:
Nay, more than this, his legs is hurt,
can neither stand nor go;
Indeed it is a famous art,
and you the reason know.
But afterwards they to him told
that one to him was come,
And in his poke had brought him gold,
G--, then hur legs could run:
Then to receive it he did haste,
was glad with all hur heart,
And kindly he his Friend embrac'd
and loath he was to part.

O hur laments unto hur Friend,
and tell hur evil Fortune;
But if you read unto the end,
you'll hear of their departing.
They walk together up and down,
to tell each others mind,
His Friend gave to him half a crown,
there's twelve pence more behind.
It is agreed betwixt them both,
that they should ſpend the ſhilling;
Then Taffy ſwears a binding Oath,
that he was not unwilling.
It is agreed that they ſhould dine,
both at a houſe together,
They quickly call'd for bread and wine,
as ſoon as they came thither:
Each others health doth now go round,
for they are void of care,
The wine did Taffy quite confound,
for he hath drank his ſhare.
Some words between theſe Friends there paſt,
about their noble blood,
Then up ſtarts Taffy all in haſte,
his Friend had croſt his mood:
Cots-ſplut, you Rogue, was hold hur tongue,
or hur will crack hur crown,
Will make hur pay for all hur wrong;
and then he knockt him down.
This being done, the People came,
the reaſon for to know,
They thought the Welſhman had been ſlain,
but it was nothing ſo:

His

His head was broke, as I may ſay,
which to the heart did grieve him,
It was not well the other day,
if that you will believe him.
Now Taffy knows not what to do,
but he pays it off with thinking,
It grieves him now I tell you true,
to loſe his Friend by drinking.
Well, by the Law it is agreed,
that Taffy muſt reſtore
Full three and four pence for the deed,
to pay the bloody ſcore.
He pays it then with all his heart,
was glad he eſcaped ſo,
And he ſeeks for to depart,
but e're that he muſt go,
His Landlord then to him did ſay,
Pay what thou oweſt me,
For there is twenty pence to pay,
which I expect of thee.
Cots-ſplut, was tell hur what was due,
as hur may clear the ſcore,
Was break hur head hur tell to you,
and give her five groats more,
For hur has broke bur Brother's head,
and unto hur hath given
Full three and four pence for the deed,
'twixt nine groats and eleven.
Then hereupon away he goes,
he leaves the ſcore to pay,
But where he is, there's no Man knows,
for he is fled away.

Now

Now Taffy's silver is all gone,
there's not a penny left,
And he travels all alone,
to seek another shift:
Into a tavern then he goes,
to be a Servant there,
Because canary, Taffy knows,
is better than small-beer.
It was agreed for him to go,
a Drawer for to be,
No weges unto him they give,
because he was not free:
Now he is willing for to serve
at any poor condition,
That he might not with hunger starve,
was glad of that profession.
Yet he is subject unto jeers,
and flouts, as I suppose,
Sometimes they tell him of his ears,
and then his cloven nose,
But Taffy now I would advise
to bear with him all crosses,
Let him be silent and be wise,
for fear of greater losses,
The next day being Sunday, he
must go into the Temple,
To hear English Divinity,
but he is an ill Example:
He takes his place, and it is nigh
unto the Preacher's feet,
In little time that he did lye,
he fell fast in a sleep.

The

The wine did work in Taffy's head,
and that was all the reason:
So Taffy lies as one that's dead,
'twas for a little season.
Awake, awake, the Preacher said,
unto the People all:
And then poor Taffy was afraid,
some body did him call:
By and by, the Watchman cries,
did on a sudden start,
And now he wipes his sleepy eyes,
let slip a mighty fart.
The People hearing Taffy's voice,
did at it greatly wonder,
But others they did think the *Sky*,
was almost split asunder.
Now Taffy to resolve the doubt,
ariseth from the ground,
And when they saw his cloven snout,
they *knew* it was Taffy's sound:
Therefore it was the People's mind,
to drive him out of the Town,
Each Man doth prove to him *unkind*,
the first Man *knocks* him down.
The Boys and Girls run after him,
all People doth him chase,
Through the river he must swim,
was in a piteous case.
But Taffy wish'd himself in hell,
for hur was soee chended,
And now I wish the Reader well,
for so my Story's end.

FINIS.

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